

# The Return

Deltron 3030

Stardate 3040  
Warp speed to the new scenario where we roam  
Our tiny planet was continuously shrouded in darkness  
From greed and anarchic conquest  
The final operation, based ideas and proposals  
Involving privateers, serving low blows to  
Constellation patrol just to overthrow  
And obtain supplies for the side that they ride for  
Privateer raids on the core system while the whole  
Planet under war conditions taking more victims  
Than a mutiny taking over government control in attempts to secure a new republic  
What became of it?  
Planetwide destruction  
Constant weapon fire crushing any production  
Of advancements of science  
Technology to ease life's difficulties  
Every tax dollar went to sweep crime  
Off the streets but the law would cheat each time  
So operations backfire defeating the design  
Seems like a leap in time, back to simpler days  
Where technological advances were minimal  
Whoever survived were thrust into dimmer days  
Every portion of the land decimated in a blaze  
Law and order fractured, attacks were center stage  
The star of the show was entertained but a bit afraid

It's the return, check it  
Deltron Zero and Automator

It's like clockwork, it's just like clockwork  
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As I view a long stretch of sand dunes  
And abandoned shacks and crack houses with rats out in the clear open  
I see a few hopeful transients  
Grab a frisky critter to roast some food  
Don't know what to do, it was out of our hands  
Now we gotta pull straws, figure out a plan  
I'm mobbing with a posse, a clan  
Of ragtag renegades, looking for living grenades  
Live ammo, cause it's been in the stage  
Of cutthroat, corrupt folks  
Pressure too much to cope  
We see a woman get jumped by young punks  
High off of Nitro 9, ain't no life behind  
Those black pupils, no scruples, no rules so  
She at their mercy or so they first think  
I leap first seeing perfect opportunity  
Ah, socked two or three in the mouth without room to speak  
The rest of our posse peeped the nod  
And proceeded to reap the bruisers confused and dizzy  
Tossed them in a trash compactor, now they history  
The woman was hysterical in fits of grief  
Yo "Miss, please calm down, they all gone now"

Literally minced into little bits between  
Pieces of leftover Chef Boyardee  
Mixed with a couple of booty magazines

It's the return, check it  
Deltron Zero and Automator

Final frontier, desolates and pestilence  
Vessels incapacitated, left vacant in burning husks  
Word is government does  
Not control anyway, the streets have the last say  
That's not hard to see, more cars than trees  
Or more like lumps of metal in rows several  
Nuclear fallout crawls out  
And sometimes blinds people, leaving them with no sight  
No rights, muggers in broad day  
Similar to the ancient fables of the Wild West  
Or maybe just a trial or test  
For humans who thought they were superior and more than houses of flesh  
Highly upset  
Human beings seeing no way, going straight  
Anarchy flows through the alleyways  
Little chance for me and my band, go tooth and nail  
Because music has the one glimmer the future entails  
Can't nobody use it as well as my strafers  
Cause many quit the craft after the pay for it  
Became minimal, then the full republic  
Backlashed to outlaw music production completely  
It was discreetly, neatly accomplished  
Under our noses, but a few were still on the quest  
To keep the globe hopeful and vigilant  
No matter what situations we living in

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